

THE WAR CRY

ARMY SONGS

AN OLD SONG

By Lieut-Colonel Addie
Tune—It is well with my soul
What are those great letters I see
On the wall,
Like a show-bill, to tell where
and when?
They point out to all our Redeem-
er's great call—
S-A-L-V-A-T-I-O-N!

Chorus

S-A-L—S-A-L
V-A-T—V-A-T
S-A-L-V-A-T-I-O-N!

What is that strange paper those
Soldiers push so,
"The War Cry," what does it con-
tain?
Advertisements? No! look, its pages
all show
S-A-L-V-A-T-I-O-N!

The things that we do may seem
strange and strange to the arm, men,
Our modes and our manners, but,
then,
The object in view is to bring unto
you
S-A-L-V-A-T-I-O-N!

GIVE ME THY LOVE!

Tunes—Come, comrades, dear, 136;
H.C. lines, 138.
Oh, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above.
It bears on eagles' wings:
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments
feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Oh, that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment and my legal sins,
Sorrow and sins, and doubts, and
fears,
A bowing wilderness.

Now, O my Jesus, bring me in!
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide!
Give me, with the sanctified,
The heritage of love!

HE SET MY HEART AT REST

Tune—I have pleasure, 171.
What are now those burning long-
ings,
Oh, so strong within my breast—
Longings for the smile of Jesus,
Longings to be set at rest?
When I see my sin and sorrow,
Tears of bitter anguish fall;
For I know I once loved Jesus!
More than all, yes, more than all!

Where are now those chains that
bound me—
Chains of sin, and self, and pride?
Hallelujah! Jesus broke them!
When I sought His risen side,
Now a sweeter, nobler bondage,
Doth my raptured soul enthrall;
For there's pleasure in His service,
More than all, yes, more than all!

FREE AND EASY

Tune—Numberless as the sands, 260
When we gather at last over Jordan
And the ransomed in Glory we
see,
As the numberless sands on the sea-
shore,
What a wonderful sight that will
be—
Chorus
Numberless as the sands on the sea-
shore!

When we see all the saved of the
ages,
Who from sorrow and trials are
free,

Meeting there with a Heavenly
greeting—
What a wonderful sight that will
be!

When at last we behold our
Redeemer,
And His glory unclouded we see,
While as King of all kingdoms He
reigneth—
What a wonderful sight that will
be!

Soldiers' Wives

(Continued from Page 3)
not realize it, and still feels that she
will see him again.

An impromptu programme was
given after tea. Two items were
rendered by the Territorial Singers,
Mrs. Adjutant Larson sang a Swedish
solo, and Miss L. Kelly, the as-
sistant Matron of the Detention
Home, recited. Sister Mrs. Murdoch,
a member of the League of Mercy,
sang a solo.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton, in her
strange and strange tale to the arm, men,
assured them that not only herself,
but all Salvationists in the city
and elsewhere, had their interests at
heart and were willing at any
time to come to their help, should
they desire it. "If you will let us
know, we will be ready to come. I
will be glad to come and visit you
at your home at any time."

Mrs. Sowton told of many inter-
esting incidents of how Salvation
Army officers have been able to be
of valuable assistance, both to hus-
bands on the battlefield and the
wives at home.

Although the presence of so many
young children made public speak-
ing difficult, yet it in no way pre-
vented Mrs. Commissioner Sowton
from giving expression to what was
in her heart, for it had been touched
and stirred by the anxiety and lone-
liness of these women. The women
soon realized, not only from her
words, but from her personal touch
as she moved among them, that to
Mrs. Commissioner Sowton they
had a true friend and sympathizer
—one who would be willing to go
out of her way to bring them bless-
ing and cheer at this dark time in
their lives.

Lieut-Colonel Turner told of a
certain nephew of his who had en-
listed, whose parents requested the
Colonel to write and give him some
counsel and advice. The nephew
had never interested himself in re-
ligion, and certainly not in The Sal-
vation Army. The Colonel was on
the point of writing him when to
his surprise, he received a letter
from the lad, who was at the front.
The letter stated how he had come
into contact with the Salvation
Army, and through its influence had
sought God and was now converted.

There was a possibility of many
of the husbands and sons of the
women gathered coming under the
same influence and also finding Sal-
vation at the battle's front. Those
left behind doing something, no
matter how small, to help to bring
some blessing into the lives of those
whose nearest and dearest were
fighting to uphold the cause of right
and liberty.

As Captain Ainslie rose to speak
he was recognized by many as the
Officer who had visited them in their
homes, and was well received. The
Captain said he was glad of the
opportunity of doing something, no
matter how small, to help to bring
some blessing into the lives of those
whose nearest and dearest were
fighting to uphold the cause of right
and liberty.

The Commissioner informed the
audience that he was under the im-
pression that the meeting was dis-
tinctly one for women, and at which
women only would be asked to
speak, but, however, he was glad to
have a word and to endorse all that

Mrs. Sowton had said. The Salva-
tion Army was at their service, its
Officers were never off duty, should
they require their help at any time.
He hoped, with Mrs. Sowton, that
they would be able to arrange more
meetings of this character in the
near future.

Before bringing the gathering to
a close, Brigadier Taylor invited the
visitors to stay for the "Khaki Fare-
well" to be held at the Citadel the
same night, and the majority ac-
cepted the invitation. As the women
passed out they expressed to the
Officers who wished them good-
bye, how pleased they were to be
present. "Thank you so much,"
said one of them, "but I wish my
husband was converted." "We shall
be pleased to get our Officers in-
terested in him, if it be possible;
give the particulars to Captain Ains-
lie, he will be glad to take the matter
up." "Thank you," I will!"

The Commissioner, and particu-
larly Mrs. Sowton, were delighted
with the success of the undertaking
and with the way the wives of the
soldiers appreciated the interest
taken in them.

COMING EVENTS

COMM. RICHARDS

St. Thomas—March 4-5.
Strathroy—March 6.
Petrolia—March 7.
Sarnia—March 8.
Dundas—March 11-12.
Dunnville—March 13.
Welland—March 14.
Lippincott—March 19.
New Liskeard—March 21.
Hallebury—March 22.
Cobalt—March 23.
North Bay—March 24.
Sault Ste. Marie—March 25-26.
Sudbury—March 27.
Parry Sound—March 28.
Yorkville—April 2.
Simcoe—April 3.
Paris—April 5.
Preston—April 6.
Galt—April 7.
Hamilton 1—April 8-9.
Ottawa 2—April 15-16.
Ottawa 3—April 17.
Massey Hall (Toronto)—Good Fri-
day Morning.
Ligar Street—Easter Sunday.
Dale Presbyterian Church (Toron-
to)—April 30 (afternoon only).
(Lieut-Colonel Hargrave and the
Divisional Commander will accom-
pany.)

COLONEL GASKIN

Dovercourt—March 5.
Montreal—March 7.
Riversdale—March 12.
Toronto Industrial Corps—March 16.
Lippincott—March 19.
Niagara Falls—March 25-26.
Yorkville—April 2.
Ligar Street—May 14 (Self-Denial
Sunday).

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. CHAN-
DLER—Dundas, March 11-12;
Dunnville, March 13; Welland, Mar.
14; Niagara Falls, Mar. 15; North
Bay, Mar. 18-19; Cobalt, Mar. 20;
New Liskeard, Mar. 21; Hallebury,
Mar. 22; Cobalt, Mar. 23;
North Bay, Mar. 24; Niagara
Falls, Mar. 25-26; Simcoe, Mar.
27; Paris, April 4; Hespeler, April
5; Preston, April 6; Galt, April 7.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SKEETON
—Dovercourt, Mar. 5; Riversdale,
Mar. 12; Lippincott, Mar. 19.

BRIG. MORRIS—Brantford, Mar.
4-5; Woodstock, Mar. 6; Lippin-
cott, Mar. 12; London, Mar. 18-
19; Chatham, Mar. 20; Windsor,
March 23.

BRIG. ADEY

5; Riverdale, Mar. 12;
Ottawa, Mar. 19; Sault Ste. Mar.,
25-26; Sudbury, Mar. 27;
Sound, Mar. 28.

BRIG. BETTRIDGE—New Glou-
gow, N.S., Mar. 4-5; Pictou, Mar.
6; Westville, Mar. 7; Seaton, Mar.
8; Sydney, Mar. 9; Seaton,
Mar. 10; Glace Bay, Mar. 11;
12; New Aberdeen, Mar. 13; New
Waterford, Mar. 14; Nova Scotia,
Mar. 15; Sydney Mines, Mar.
16; Halifax 1, Mar. 17-18; Hal-
ifax 2, Mar. 19-20; Dartmouth,
March 21.

BRIG. AND MRS. BELL—Yorke-
ville, April 2; Parliament (United
Business Meetings), April 7, 14.

BRIG. PHILLIPS—Rhodes Ave.,
Mar. 5; Parliament Street, April
7, 14, 21, 28.

BRIG. MOREHEN—Quebec City,
March 1.

MAJOR AND MRS. MOORE—To-
ronto, March 12.

MAJOR McAMMOND—"Dover-
court, Mar. 5; Brampton, Mar. 11-12;
Lippincott, Mar. 19 (Mrs. McAmmond
will accompany).

MAJOR AND MRS. WALTON—
Montreal, March 4.

MAJOR CRICHTON—New Glou-
gow, Mar. 4-5; Pictou, Mar. 6;
Westville, Mar. 7; Seaton, Mar. 8;
Halifax 1, Mar. 9; Halifax 2,
Mar. 12; Halifax 1, Mar. 17; Hal-
ifax 2, Mar. 20; Dartmouth, March
21.

Staff-Captain Byers—Dartmouth,
Mar. 5; Halifax 1, Mar. 12; Hal-
ifax 2, Mar. 13; Halifax 1, Mar. 17;
Halifax 2, March 20.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Walker—
Kingston, April 2-23.
THE STAFF SINGERS
(Lieut.-Colonel Gasson, Leader)
—Dovercourt, Mar. 5; Rhin-
ce, Mar. 12; Lippincott, Mar. 19;
Niagara Falls, Mar. 25-26.

HAVE YOU FRIENDS

AT THE FRONT?

For the information of those who
would like to communicate with
Salvation Army Chaplains, the
names and addresses are as follows:

Captain R. Penfold, 26 Chelsea
Road, Folkestone, England.

Captain C. B. Robinson, 30th Re-
serve Battalion, Napier Barracks,
Shorncliffe, England.

Captain Steele, 36th Reserve Bat-
talion, C.E.F., West Sandling Camp,
Kent, England.

Captain Kimball, Field Post Of-
fice, Exhibition Camp, Tancet,
Belgium.

Captain Milton, 208 Sydney
Street, Kingston.

Captain A. Ashby, 334 Clarence
Street, London.

These Chaplains will be glad to
be of any service possible to soldiers
at the front or at the hospitals, or
to the friends who are inter-
ested in the men who are with
His Majesty's Forces. If anyone
having relations or friends in the
hospitals will communicate with the
Chaplains, they will be glad to visit
them. Please give full name, regu-
lational number, battalion, and
many other particulars as possible.

FOR SALE

Eleven volumes Barnes' "Com-
mentary Upon the New Testa-
ment" or will exchange for London side
Capitao Parsons, 43 Gordon Ave.,
Verdun, Quebec.

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

International Headquarters:
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Canada East Headquarters:
James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

33rd Year, No. 23. Bramwell Booth, General. TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1916. W. J. Richards, Commissioner. Price Two Cents

GREAT DIFFICULTY MET

SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL
AS SOLUTION TO
NATIONAL PROBLEM.




AROUND the corner into Duke St.,
Barrow - in - Furness, we came upon
the building shown on this
page; the shop windows
screened by tastefully-hung
curtains, and on the facade
board this announcement:
"The Salvation Army War-
Workers' Hostel." It was the
place we had come to in-
spect, that through our eyes
readers might see it for
themselves.

"What does this all
mean?" we asked Staff-
Captain Holbrook, the tall,
unruffled Officer who pre-
sides over this new institu-
tion, when he had admitted
us, and we were seated in
the dining-room.

"What does what mean?"

"The quiet, the lack of crowds and
hurry, and yet the idle groups in the
street."

As if in answer to our query came
a rat-tat-tat at the door, and the
orderly ushered in a group of four
men, artisans garbed in their second
best, and their plea—
"Lodgings!"

SEARCHING IN GROUPS

Yorkshiremen by the sound of
them, they had been drawn to the town by the call of
war-work—eager to give of their best in the hour of
the country's emergency; and they had found work—but
they could not find a place where to lay their heads.

"I can sympathize with you, lads," said the Staff-
Captain, when the spokesman had voiced their petition,
"for I have only been able to obtain the use of a bed and
a half with one of our people for my wife and daughter
and self since I have been in the town, and I came weeks
ago!"

"But you'll find room for us here, sir?"—this almost
pitiably.

"Sorry, but we are full right up just now," said the
Salvationist; and he had no alternative to suggest, either, so the party fled
wearily away. They had been searching like that for hours on end—there
were no lodgings, neither good, bad, nor indifferent, to be obtained any-
where!

"But the place does not appear to be so busy as all this would seem to
suggest," we said to the Staff-Captain.

"You'll see in a minute or two," was his reply as he looked at his watch;
and, sure enough, we did. Somewhere in the distance a "buzzer" buzzed.

A signal of some sort—ac-
cidentally, and we prepared to
mind to cope with the even-
tuality.

"Clang, clang, clang!
Rumble, bump, and thud!"
"Sounds like a tram-car," we
thought. It was a tram-car,
but as unlike that common-
place public vehicle as one
could well imagine. It was
cramped with war-workers,
greasy, grumpy, sweat-stained
men, they filled that car to
overflowing. Not an inch of
floor space appeared to be
unoccupied inside; outside
every seat was filled, and men
stood in rows between those who rested. The aisles and stairs, the plat-
forms at either end, were gorged, and the very top bore its cluster of
hungry humanity. It reminded us of nothing so much as a settling of bees
at swarming time. In the midst of this swarming brood the conductor tried
to force a passage in an effort to collect a few fares. When the car reached
the corner at which a "roofer" wished to alight, he frequently had to
resort to the acrobatic feat of dropping over the side or be borne far
beyond his destination.

(Concluded on Page 15)



Treasurer Newcombe

Of Springfield, N.S., who sold 173 Christmas "Crys." This was the first time our comrade had done service of this sort. He disposed of the "Crys" in his spare time after mining hours.

PERSONALIA—Territorial

(Continued from Page 8)

Major Hay conducted the Young People's Annual at Medicine Hat, February 20th-21st.

Major and Mrs. Coombs were present at the Commissioner's meetings at Prince Albert.

Ensign Merritt, of Victoria, who recently underwent a serious operation, is improving, although he has suffered considerably. Continue to pray for the Ensign and other sick comrades throughout the Territory.

Brigadier Taylor, in conjunction with Staff-Captain Peacock (the Young People's Secretary), is arranging for the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards of Winnipeg to give a Demonstration at the Citadel on March 14th.

Brigadier Taylor conducts regular fortnightly meetings with his city Officers. At a recent meeting Adjutant Howell read a paper on "Preparation for Platform Work," and Captain Beckett one on "Corps Records."

Staff-Captain Peacock gave a lantern lecture at the Detention Home on Wednesday, Feb. 23rd. There are about forty boys and girls in the Home at present, and they enjoyed the evening's entertainment very much.

It has been found necessary to revise the date of the Young People's Days. They are now as follows: Nanitoba, Winnipeg, March 5th; Saskatchewan, Regina, March 12th; Alberta, Calgary, April 2nd; British Columbia, Vancouver, March 26th.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Peacock conducted the Young People's Annual at Winnipeg, I. Seventeen souls met at the Merry Seat at the Sunday night's meeting.

Adjutant and Mrs. Hanna, of the Tidale Farm Colony, recently attended the meetings conducted by the Commissioner at Prince Albert.

Adjutant Allen, of the Calgary Men's Social, conducted the meetings at Red Deer, Alta. Nine souls came forward as a result of the efforts put forth.

The first Life-Saving Guard Troop to be organized in Canada West is connected with the Winnipeg H.I. Corps, and were enrolled by Lieutenant Colonel Turner on Feb. 21st. Eight

Lily Jones, of Territorial Headquarters, is Guard Leader.

Adjutant and Mrs. Larson, who for the last four and a half years have had charge of Winnipeg H.V. (Scandinavian) Corps, have farewelled, and the Adjutant will undertake special work among the Scandinavian people throughout the Territory.

Adjutant Maggie Andrews, who for some time has been in delicate health, has recovered sufficiently to undertake some special work. Recently she has been conducting special meetings at Prince Albert, or Captain Annie Sowton, daughter of Commissioner Sowton, at present on New York Headquarters Staff, will shortly be transferred to Canada West Territorial Headquarters.

Captain Helma Holmgren has arrived safely in Winnipeg from Canada East, and will be taking charge of the Scandinavian Corps (Winnipeg H.V.), assisted by Lieutenant Hilda Johanson.

Candidates Sunday will be observed throughout the Territory on Sunday, April 2nd.

A splendid crowd gathered at the Spargling Methodist Church, Winnipeg, on Thursday evening, Feb. 24th, to hear the programme rendered by the Territorial Salvation Sisters. Colonel Turner was Chairman on the occasion.

Comrades and friends will be glad to learn that Mr. J. H. Ashdown, of Winnipeg, who for some time has been dangerously ill, is now improving.

CANADA EAST

The Commissioner has put in a strenuous week since his return from Bermuda. Besides dealing with voluminous correspondence and business matters, he has spoken in two Toronto churches, lectured to the Cadets, conducted a Sunday's meetings at Lansdowne Corps, presided at a Musical Festival in the Temple, and delivered a lecture at West Toronto on "The Value of a Child."

On Friday he left Headquarters for his tour in the London Division. The Chief Secretary, accompanied by the Staff Songsters, will conduct campaigns at Dovercourt, Riverdale, Lippinot, and Niagara Falls during the four Sundays in March. On Thursday, March 16th, he will visit the Toronto Industrial Corps.

Mrs. Linton-Colonel Rees visited Ottawa this week in the interests of the Women's Social Work. On Thursday, March 9th, she will conduct the commissioning of the Toronto League of Mercy at the Temple, assisted by Mr. Major Moore.

Lieut.-Colonel Hargrave, the Candidates Secretary, is making preparations for a great drive to secure Candidates on April 2nd, next. Posters, with preliminary application forms attached, are being sent to every Corps.

Mrs. Brigadier Morris represented the Army at a drawing-room meeting on Wednesday, Feb. 23rd, at the home of Mrs. J. W. Flavell, in Queen's Park, presided over by Lady Eaton.

Adjutant and Mrs. Miller conducted the meeting at the Mercer Reformatory last Sunday afternoon.

Major MacAmmond conducted the commissioning of Local Officers and Bandmen at Jasper Street last Monday. A noteworthy feature was the number of Bandmen in khaki.

Adjutant and Mrs. Meeks, of Ingersoll, welcomed a baby girl on February 21st.

Mrs. Ensign Keith has been appointed to the Dressmaking Department at Territorial Headquarters.

FROM THE TRENCHES

BAND SECRETARY OF KINGS
TOM WINTER CHEERY
LETTER FROM
BELGIUM

Dear Editor:—Perhaps a line or two from Belgium may interest the readers of the dear old "War Cry." First of all, I am well saved, and, of course, next thing to that in fine health. I have just returned from the trenches, and find a good-sized mail waiting for me; amongst them is "War Cry." I do love to get that grand paper, and powder over its interesting pages. Not one single word misses my eyes. I go from cover to cover. But my first thought is for the "Band Chit." Of course, this is my weak point, I suppose; but after spending the larger part of one's life in The Army Bands there seems to grow a very warm spot around the heart for the "Band Chit."

Five months ago we sailed from dear old England for, well, we didn't know where. But here we got stuck in Belgium in time of peace must be a lovely place. I have seen but a very small part, but just enough to get a fair idea of its beauty. When first we landed in September it was just grand here, more like Canadian weather. We enjoyed sleeping out in the open. Our good weather lasted for about a month, then the rainy season set in, and you just take it from me, when it rains out here, it forgets to stop.

Suppose I tell you about my first trip into the trenches on Sept. 23rd. Our officer took our section up right-seeing. When we got near the entrance to the trenches, which is some miles, I may say from the firing line, we were warned about making any noise, and a lot of stuff which came in very handy later on. The entrance was at last reached, and in started the little band of green-cloth engineers. Now, we certainly didn't miss anything. Our brains were very busy, and a very funny feeling comes over your back bone. But we had a safe trip. At last, after nearly an hour's walk, we reached the firing line. My idea of trench warfare was completely changed when I saw the real firing line. We had a good chat with the boys holding the line, and then returned to a spot where a nice little dug-out waited to be used by us. It was the first real dugout I had seen. When in England we built dugouts, but nothing like this one. So everybody must have a good nose around and see it. While we were there some one says "What's that noise?" We didn't wait very long to find out. There was a roar and a bang, and the earth went skyward. Somebody says, "That's a good one." Then they whizz-banged. But we got out all right. They have shelled us a good many times since then. I have spent the greater part of my time in the trenches, repairing and building new ones.

I think I was about the first from our band to enlist, and now I learn that the Bandmaster, Deputy, and about twelve Bandmen have enlisted.

My path is not a bed of roses, but I have had a good Father to take my troubles to. He gives me the strength to fight on. And to-day I am a far better man spiritually than ever before, and the prayer of my heart is that God will keep me humble, so that when I return to my little family again they will see in me a true Christian. Don't forget to pray for the boys at the front. God bless the dear old Army—Lance-Corporal W. C. Rogers.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Bro. John Sata, Carbonara, Md.
On Thursday, Feb. 23rd, Bro. Sata, of Carbonara, suffered an attack of heart failure, and about four o'clock in the afternoon his spirit took its flight to the Land of Rest.

Our brother has been a faithful Soldier of The Salvation Army for twenty-four years; a loving husband, and a loyal father. We miss his testimony, which was always a source of blessing to all comrades, and his delight was to tell of the wonderful Saviour he had found. He was laid to rest on Sunday, Feb. 27th. The funeral service was conducted by Captain Lescoe, and ed by Mrs. Adjutant Hiseck, assisted by the choir. The service was largely attended. Around the open grave we sang "It's True There's a Beautiful Day," and we believe that prayer went up for many hearts that the abiding presence of God would be with those who are left behind until his journey is ended.

At night the memorial service was held, and several of the comrades spoke and paid high tribute to our dear brother. The meeting was an impressive one. May God bless the bereaved.

Brother Eli Lamb, of Stratford. Death has removed from our midst a well-tried warrior—Brother Lamb. He had been in the service of Stratford Corps, and a letter found amongst his personal belongings signifies the relationship he held towards his Mother. May 14th, 1915, the letter was dated and read: "I came to Stratford in 1885, and joined The Salvation Army, and have been doing my best ever since. Owing to an affliction of the throat I have been debarred from meetings. But I am happy in Jesus and my spirit is right at Let all comrades of Stratford Corps be ready. This is my last testimony." "Eli Lamb."

(Signed) "Eli Lamb." Our late comrade lingered longer than he anticipated, but his testimony was just as bright when he passed away.

The funeral was conducted by Captain Martin of St. Mary's, assisted by Adjutant Silekles and Captain Doherty. Many availed themselves of the privilege of telling forth what a blessing he had been to the Corps.—One of the Comrades.

Bro. Geo. Maidment, of Loo Cove. The death angel has visited us at Loo Cove, and taken from our midst the oldest Soldier of the Corps in the person of George Maidment, "Father" Maidment, as he is better known, came out of England at the age of sixteen, and has been residing in Newfoundland ever since. His conversion to Christianity took place at Loo Cove, and he has been in the Army for twenty-four years ago. When the Army opened at Loo Cove, he was transferred, and commissioned as Colour-Sergeant. He endeavoured to do his best, and testified to the saving and keeping power of God always found him with a clear testimony. The writer often visited him and always found him with a clear testimony. But through it all he had Jesus with him, and could say, "This will be done."

The funeral service, conducted by Ensign Oak and Captain Cain, was very impressive, and a large number attended. On the following Sunday night the memorial service was held by Captain Cain, and the Spirit of God was felt very much; one soul surrendering at the Cross.

"Father" Maidment leaves a wife and four sons and two daughters. He was a true Christian, and his life was a blessing to all who knew him and comfort those who are left behind.

NEWS NOTES and COMMENTS

A PITIABLE SPECTACLE

A Conference in London, England, convened by the Temperance Council of Christian Churches, the Archbishop of Canterbury said that never before was there such wide recognition of the urgent need for temperance.

General W. Bramwell Booth said the judiciary of the country as a whole presented a most pitiable and melancholy spectacle, when, while unanimously attributing an overwhelming part of crime and poverty of the people to drinking, they went steadily on making provisions for maintaining facilities for drinking, sometimes even extending them by granting new licenses.

KEEP THINGS GOING

SPEAKING at the Annual Luncheon of the Canadian National Exhibition Association (Toronto) Mr. James said:—

"When the war is over agriculture must be in a far stronger position than when hostilities commenced. In Britain agriculture is a growing asset. Their flocks are greater, their acreage under cultivation is greater. Will we be doing our duty if we do not set ourselves to the same task?"

You men who come from all parts of the Province, what do you propose doing? Because of the shortage of labour, will you say, we will let the old farm produce the food as possible? Canada is being tried. You have done well so far, but keep the factories and farms going, and this difficulty will be solved by you as well as by the fighters and the people."

FARMERS AND THE WAR

TIERING a noble sacrifice in the THAT Canadian farmers are the Empire's hour of need was the statement made recently by Hon. James Duff, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

Not only have they sent their sons to fight the Empire's battles, but they are keeping up producing that the strong arm of the Dominion may strike a mighty blow against German despotism and militarism.

General Logie also praised the farmers. "They have a hard time getting help," he said, "and naturally they like to hold on to their men, but when you realize that their servants go and one, two, three, or four of their sons join the forces, they are making a sacrifice to which the sacrifice of some city folk is not comparable."

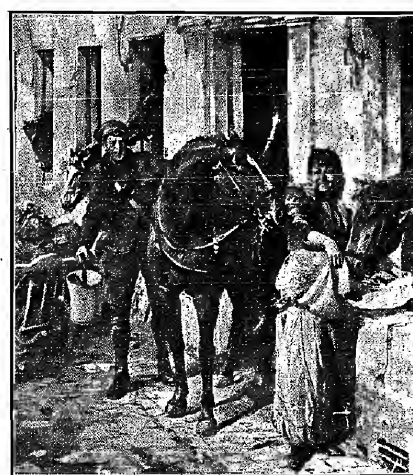
FRENCH WAR DOGS

WAR dogs have proved themselves indispensable to the French army, according to Dr. Howard Spelman.

"The dogs are divided into classes, sanitary dogs and sentinels," said the doctor. "The scent and trailing of the sanitary dog is to seek out the wounded, bring the injured man's cap to headquarters and then lead the hospital workers back. These far these dogs have not made a single error, and have never yet brought in the cap of a dead man."

MOUNT CAVELL

THE name of Nurse Cavell, who was shot by the Germans, will be remembered in Canada in a striking manner. The Government has decided to name one of the most rugged and picturesque peaks of the Rockies after the heroine.



Caring for the Horses Behind the Lines

Mount Cavell is a snowclad, outstanding peak, more than 11,000 feet high, situated fifteen miles south of Jasper, at the junction of the Whirlwind and Athabasca Rivers, and west of the Whirlpool River. It is visible from the railway, and has heretofore been mistakenly known as Mount Geikie, which is not visible from Jasper, but lies farther west on the continental divide.

MAKING NEW FACES

ACCELERATED British sculptor, who is now a private in the Army Medical Corps, is finding a new use for his skill. All his leisure time is at present employed in replacing the parts of men's faces destroyed by wounds in battle. These include mouths, jaws, and even eyelids, all of which he has been able to move naturally.

He has just finished remaking a nose for a soldier whose nose was blown away below the bridge. His addition, which he prepared of electrically-treated metal, is so perfect that where it is joined is absolutely imperceptible, and the patient has regained his sense of smell.

Wood is now giving up most of his time to this work, and is able to treat ten cases daily. Surgeons who never thought that a sculptor's art could be adapted to this work are now absolutely amazed at the remarkable results Wood has obtained.

ASSIGNED PAY

NINETY thousand cheques per month are now being made out at Ottawa for relatives or dependents of our men at the front. The amount of money thus expended is over two million dollars.

Over one-third of the soldiers who have enlisted are now giving part of their pay to friends or dependents at home, and about one-quarter of the total force, representing approximately the married men, are on the list for separation allowance.

include crops grown in areas occupied by the enemy.

NEW CANADIAN BOOK

MR. DRYCE, of Ottawa, has written a book dealing with the problem of rural de-population and urban over-population in Canada. It is entitled "The Illustration of Joseph Keeler," and represents a successful city merchant of Toronto who is led to study the early history of his family on Presqu'ile Bay, and incidentally to contrast the conditions of the rural community of a hundred years ago with the life now lived under high pressure in the city.

How a lawyer son gets into trouble through land speculation, gambling, and drink, and a daughter loses health through over-indulgence in the social gaieties of city life, but are restored, the one to moral, and the other to physical health, by life on a farm purchased by the father near the home of his ancestors, is, in brief, the plot of the fictitious part of the work. Problems of agricultural credit, co-operation, and cold storage are solved in connection with the new farm, which points the way to the agricultural revival of a whole district.

The hope of the author, expressed in his preface, may be echoed: "That the attention of the best and most substantial citizens of both countries, leaders in industrial enterprises, and in the application of scientific knowledge, may be directed to the imperative national need for their active interest and practical intervention in the problem of the reconstruction of rural prosperity and of social progress in all, but especially in the older, States and Provinces."

LAKE OF EPSOM SALTS

IN the Province of Saskatchewan there is a lake of Epsom salts. It is called Muskiki Lake, and has no outlet and is fed by springs from which sulphate of magnesia rises in solution.

An application has been made to the Government for a lease of this lake in order to use the sulphate of magnesia commercially. An Order-in-Council has been passed authorizing the lease for five years at ten cents an acre, subject to certain conditions as to expenditure on plant.

The lake is eight miles in area and the water is described as useless for domestic, irrigation, or steam purposes.

OLD INDUSTRIES REVIVE

ONE result of the war has been to revive some of the ancient, half-forgotten English village industries.

Flint-knapping, for instance, which has been carried on at Brandon, in Suffolk, for many generations, and the Sussex wheel hundreds of years ago before coal was thought of, may now be seen in full swing there once again, the War Office having recently ordered large supplies for use in the trenches. Charcoal makes an ideal fuel for this purpose, being smokeless, and giving out an intense heat.

CEREAL CROPS IN FRANCE

THE yield of cereals in France in 1915 was disappointingly small. Not only are areas sown less than in 1914, but the average yield is one of the poorest recorded for a long time. The area under wheat is less by 2,660,800 acres than the mean of the four normal years 1910 to 1913, and the yield per acre (1645 bushels) is lower than in any year since the disastrous one of 1910, when it was not more than 1547 bushels.

The total wheat crop for 1915 was 227 million bushels, or 242 million bushels. These figures do not

A VAGRANT'S VAGARIES

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The main character of this story, whose identity is hidden under the name of Jack Rogers, runs away from home when a youth of seventeen, and for a time works on a farm. He grows discontented, and decides to seek a speedier path to fortune, reaching London (Ontario) he is robbed of all he possesses, but resolves to walk to New York. The first chapter dealt with happenings as far as Niagara Falls, going on to Tonawanda, he takes refuge in a barn from a passing shower. Here he is discovered by Andy O'Callahan, the proprietor of a hotel and dance hall, who offers him a job. He accepts it, but gets frightened away a week later by "Red Tim," who threatens to "do for him" again, and he would not steal from his boss. He takes the road to Buffalo, where he meets with Steve Maddick and Dan Shields in a cheap lodging-house. In attempting to shield an Army lass from insult in a saloon he runs foul of "Red Tim" again, and is arrested for causing a disturbance. He is rescued from the police by Dan, and the three plan how to get away from the city. They jump the New York express, but are discovered and pulled off at Poughkeepsie. That night they take refuge in a cow stable on a large estate, but as they are leaving in the morning several dogs attack them, and Jack gets a pant leg torn.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW I GOT A NEW PAIR OF PANTS

WE walked along for several miles, and at length came to the outskirts of Yonkers. "Here we wish for nothing but a fresh uniform," said Dan, who had a fondness for using military terms. "Let us first reconnoitre the enemy's position."

We were then opposite a large frame house, which stood well back from the road and was isolated from other dwellings. After watching for a minute or two, Dan announced his plan of action.

"The men are all working in the fields," he said, "and there is a woman in the kitchen, evidently preparing a meal. I can see her through that window. No doubt she is all alone in the house. Now, this is my plan: Jack and Steve, you go to the back door and engage the lady in conversation. Make a noise, fall over a milk pail, frighten a cat, or do something to get her full attention. Meanwhile I will sneak in at the front door, creep upstairs, and annex the first pair of pants I come across. You fellows get a meal off her and meet me down at the next corner. That's a quicker way of getting what we want than telling a long story. And perhaps the house won't fall for it, after all. Now, off with you, go and do your part, boys."

I and Steve went to the back door of the house, but in attempting to follow too literally Dan's instructions as to making a noise, Steve fairly put his foot in it.

"There's a cat," he suddenly whispered to me, "see me frighten it." I looked and saw a sleek puss enjoying a quiet nap on the doorstep. Steve picked up a stone and threw it very carefully at the sleeping animal, intending to drop the missile just in front of its nose. But it hit the poor cat right in the middle of the back, and, bounding off, landed right on the head of an unfortunate chicken.

Being the Experience of a one-time Hobo, who sought Adventure and Fortune. He found both, but not the kind he thought

that was peeking on the other side of the steps.

"What a 'Kwar-pff!' and a 'Cluck-cluck!' there was to be sure! Out came the woman with the light of battle in her eye.

"I saw you throw that stone," she said. "Now, you just get away from here quicker than you came."

"Madam," I began, thinking to imitate Dan in one of his flowery speeches, "You behold before you two unfortunate wayfarers who do but seek a humble boon at your hands. We are—"

But she cut me short.

"Don't care what you are, get out of here, or I'll call my husband!" she cried.

We stood our ground, and I vainly juggled my brains for some

Dan was evidently acquainted with the place for he took us to a restaurant where he assured us we could get a meal for nothing. "A kind-hearted old dame runs the establishment," he said, "and it's an easy matter to play on her sympathies."

We went inside and were met by a grim, neat, be-spectacled old lady, whose hair was streaked with gray, and from whose eyes beamed a very kindly expression.

"Good-morning, madam," said Dan in his most polite manner; "would you be kind enough to supply three famishing mortals with the where-withal necessary to the retention of the vital spark?"

"The old lady faced at us in astonishment. "This is a restaurant,"

day now; all my better and finer instincts were being crushed; conscience was being strangled; I was ripe for a career of swindling and crime, the very thought of which would have filled me with horror a few months before.

Only a few more miles to New York now! In the distance I could see the smoky pall that hung above the great city. We would be there by nightfall. What did the future hold for us?

At last we were in New York—the city of our dreams. What a mighty place it seemed to us. For hours we had walked along that, for a famous thoroughfare—Broadway—until we began to wonder if there was any end to the interminable line of shops and houses. At last, I and Steve wondered, for it was all the same to us, where we were, and we had ground to Dan, and he seemed quite at home, and we were objects of interest that we raised.

When we reached the southern entrance to Central Park at 90th Street, Dan declared that he was going to enjoy the luxury of a car ride for the rest of the way. So we quickly transferred to the downtown portion of the city. For a while we sat in Battery Park watching the traffic on the river, till the flash of the sunset gnat at the Williams, followed the shadow of Liberty's torch on the lake across the bay, warned us that the shades of night were falling fast, and that we must seek refreshment and rest. We wandered back up Broadway, therefore, to City Hall Park, gazing in wonder at the numerous skyscrapers on all sides and from there we found our way into the Bowery.

Taking us to a cheap eating place Dan treated us to a good, square meal. It will be remembered that he had a dollar given him by the farmer's wife at Poughkeepsie, and he was now making use of this money.

Whilst we were eating, Dan unfolded a little scheme he had in his mind.

"Can you sing, Jack?" he asked me suddenly. I replied that I had once been leading a soloist in a church choir, and that my voice was considered very good.

"And what about you, Steve?" he asked.

"Oh, I can warble a bit," said Steve.

"Play any instruments?" said Dan's next question.

"I can twang a banjo," I replied.

"And I can tootle a bit on a clarinet," said Steve.

"Good," said Dan, "we'll make a strong trio. I can see, I am a bit of a performer. I'll do a violin and a few stunts with a violin and writing a passable tune out of a mad-dog. So what I propose is this: One of us shall be doing a running vaudeville show near here. We'll drop in and see him to-night, and then to go, for old time's sake, he'll give us a show of his own kind."

"We'll bet, borrow, or steal some instruments, make up a few comic songs, get old a lot of patter, and make our appearance on the stage to-morrow night as comedians. If we make a hit, we'll get taken on at a regular salary, and then we'll have a light for a while. How does that plan strike you, boys?"

We agreed that it was worth trying, and with the optimism of youth already began to imagine ourselves as popular artists.

(To be continued)

"What a 'Kwar-pff!' and a 'Cluck-cluck!' there was to be sure!"

other mode of getting on the good side of her. Before I could think up any good plan though, she began shouting out: "Henery, Henery! Walter—come here quick—Henery, Henery!"

Across the fields came "raining" two figures. We ran for the road. A minute later Dan came dashing out of the front door, and all three of us went at top speed along the highway. After running for a few hundred yards, we climbed over a wall and hid ourselves amid a clump of bushes, trusting that we had been unobserved in so doing.

"I got the pants," said Dan. "Here, Jack, pull 'em on over your old ones. And then I clothed myself with the first garment that I had not obtained by honest means."

It was the beginning of another phase of moral decadence in our character, the prelude to far worse crimes. Sin ever grows upon one; a little thing, it seems at the beginning, and then it grows into a habit, that first dishonest act—but, if continued, it speedsily grows to alarming proportions, and thus the drunkard, the thief, and the murderer are born.

After resting quietly for about ten minutes and neither seeing nor hearing any signs of pursuit, we ventured out on to the road once more and made our way into the town of Yonkers.

I was perceptibly hardening each

day now; all my better and finer instincts were being crushed; conscience was being strangled; I was ripe for a career of swindling and crime, the very thought of which would have filled me with horror a few months before.

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point the guests accommodated here will be better off than in their former homes. And why should they not since they are rendering a national service?

"Oh! it is a splendid work which is being done here. Hostels, as in all the labour involved, which is no less than colossal, is cheerfully undertaken by our countrymen, soldiers, sailors, and sailors respectively. Imagine the breakfast, dinner, teas, and suppers necessitated by the fact that the men work in eight-hour shifts! What a mixed business it must be in the kitchen to keep the breakfast of one set going while the tea of another set is also on the boards. In addition, "nose bags" are provided—masks packed up to be taken to the works and eaten where when there is not time to return home. From this the reader will see that the dining-room is in almost constant requisition and the kitchen never goes out of action.

"But how can they sleep at any old hours?" we asked the Staff-Captain, as we stood in one of the bedrooms. "Take this room, for instance (three windows); how can a man get rest here by day?"

"Just watch and see!" said he, and he proceeded to lower the splendid dark blinds which the windows are fitted. One moment the room was brilliantly alight with sunshine, the next dull twilight had taken that remained, and we could easily perceive that even though the man was not very exhausted by toil he could readily find sleep in that room.

When we visited the splendidly-equipped kitchen Mrs. Hallbrook was busy with huge rice puddings, jam tarts galore, pies, dumplings, soups, stews, etc. Working like a Trojan herself, she set the pace for her staff, and they followed most readily. Here is a big task, but she tackles it with a stout heart, in which dwells the earnest desire to be of service to the bodies and souls of these "some mother's sons," and she has the gratification of knowing that she succeeds amazingly well.

The Mayor of the town, who paid a surprise visit the other day, expressed his delight with all he saw. "It is second to none!" he exclaimed in conclusion; and we had to endure those words.

It is not claimed that The Salvation Army Hostel can accommodate all the men who come to the town seeking to aid in providing munitions, what it does is propound and evidence a solution of the great problem which faces the community at this time.

BIBLES FOR SOLDIERS

"Since the beginning of the war between two and a half and three million Bibles have been served out to soldiers and sailors of the Empire. No fewer than forty different versions of the Bible are needed by the Russian armies alone. For the Algerian and Moroccan troops, the French special Bibles are printed in Arabic; the native troops of New Zealand have their own Maori Testaments, while our Indian troops have Bibles printed in the various dialects of India.

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS ON THE WARPATH

(Continued from Page 11)

whole programme was, as the Commissioner said, "one of the best ever given in the Temple."

We might add that this was the farewell service of the Band, in which there are a number of Salvationists. The Chief Secretary prayed for their welfare and safe return from the front, a sentiment fervently echoed by the large number present.

GREAT DIFFICULTY MET

(Continued from Page 1)

Just for five minutes did this invasion endure, while a procession of heavily-laden carts, all commanded by the maintenance, passed rapidly by, and then the streets re-assumed their wonted quiet; but one may readily imagine the scene inside the equine bones of the workers at this hour.

Our artist had tried to convey some idea of what the family looked like in The Army Hostel, but perhaps we can help a little by means of description. First, as to the room. It had been the shop proper, in former days, and it is high-ceiled, roomy, splendidly-lighted, and well-ventilated. The walls are covered with a warm-hued paper suggesting tapestry, and the floors are rendered soft and noiseless by means of a layer of a good quality of linoleum. On one of the walls hangs a photograph of The Army's Founder.

Arranged in sizes capable of seating groups of friends, the dining tables permit the association of equals at meal times, though the work may separate them during the day. Ready for them at the precise moment that the men reach the table, the piping hot dinner claims every attention, and then, the sweets disposed of, there was opportunity for a discussion of the events of the morning.

Some of the men wore collars, some were without. Only two or three sat with their coats off, and two had followed old habits by coming to table with unwashed hands. The silent rebuke of those who had made their ablutions in the cistern, however, and the offenders turned on their heel, proceeding to the bathroom—and soap and water were in our walls, and all here the marks of toil.

Most pathetic was it to note the "too old at forty" man, to whom the present emergency has given a new chance to make good.

"Fred?" asked the Staff-Captain of a man nearing sixty.

"Yes! It's too hard for me, I fear," he replied. "I must ask for a lighter work, I am afraid. If they won't give it to me, well—"

and his voice died away into silence, while he slowly shook his head.

"Had you been out of work before coming on this job?"

"Yes, for years. You see"—harking back to his trouble—"I cannot carry the bigger shell cases. I'm afraid I must ask for a change."

"You must cheer up, you know," said the Staff-Captain. "If you come out all right, I expect. Keep a stout heart."

Back of the dining hall is the apartment for reading and writing, and the men are doing a good deal of work. The men are very busy, and the men are very busy, and the men are very busy.

Next to food—equal with it, perhaps—the war-worker needs rest, and the means which The Salvation Army Hostel places at the disposal of this type of weary toiler is most admirable. Up the stairs, hinged and padded, the bedrooms are easily reached and reached. As everywhere throughout the building, carefully-chosen paper hangings adorn the walls, while the floors are equally well treated with linoleum and carpets. High, roomy, especially well-lighted and ventilated, these sleeping places are provided with as single beds, which look extraordinarily inviting even to us. How much more so must they appear to those who are weary of the war?

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Special Tailoring Offer

UNIFORM SUITS & OVERCOATS

EVERY SALVATIONIST SHOULD WEAR FULL UNIFORM Because of the advantages and opportunities the wearer gets to do service and witness for God everywhere.

We are daily receiving most encouraging reports from our patrons—expressing appreciation and satisfaction with the quality, fit, and workmanship of the same.

Wise men and women will ORDER NOW, as there will be great difficulty, in the future, to secure best quality woollen goods in indigo dyes. We are pleased to announce that we have been successful in securing a fresh shipment of the very best goods from England, and can now supply Officers and Soldiers from any of the following cloths, which are exceptional values. Prices have advanced enormously owing to war tax, insurance, and rising changes. However, compare these prices, and order at once.

Here Is A Special Offer

For as long as the cloth lasts. This is something we can recommend; looks smart and wears well. Cloth No. 2, two-piece suit.....\$29.50

This is another Special Offer. Cloth No. 9, tunic and pants. This is a hard-wearing cloth, and cannot be equalled at the price.....\$16.50

Cloth No. 4. This is one that we can recommend, fine indigo dye, splendid shade, and most durable. Price.....\$23.00

Cloth No. 7. This is an excellent cloth, one of our best. You can make no mistake in ordering a suit of this: so order quickly, we have not much left, and cannot repeat. Price.....\$23.50

OUR BEST—Cloth No. 5. This is the best cloth obtainable, but we only have a limited number of bolts. It is the very finest English serge, and makes a smart, shape-holding uniform. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. (Commanding and Local Officers' trimmings extra). Price.....\$25.00

PREPARE FOR SUMMER

Grey Summer Suits, made of the best woollen serge. Price.....\$21.00 (Please bear in mind that advances in price are likely to increase further.)

SPECIAL OFFER—Red Vests. We will make you a Vest of extra quality Venetian cloth, while the goods last, for.....\$4.00

R 2, Red Serge Vest.....\$4.50 Blue Staff Serge Vest.....\$4.50

Civilian Suits, made to order from standard cloths, prices on application.

Ladies' Coats, made in best styles, from cloth No. 4. Long Coat, \$25.00. Three-quarter length, \$18.00. Short Spring Coat.....\$17.00

Men's Overcoats A Speciality

HERE IS ANOTHER SPECIAL OFFER OF Men's Spring Overcoats, in black and dark grey chevrons. To measure.....\$17.00 (All these prices are net.)

FOLLOWING ARE A FEW LETTERS JUST TO HAND. SPACE WILL NOT PERMIT US TO PUBLISH MORE JUST AT PRESENT:

My coat came to hand yesterday afternoon, and I am just writing to let you know how grateful I am to you for doing so quickly. I knew you would do it in time for me if you could. Thank you very much. As for the coat itself, I think it is splendid, and exceeds all my expectations, and fits me perfectly. Wishing you every success. Yours sincerely—A. Mary Yost, Peterboro, Ont.

Just a line to say I have received my coat and suit—they are fine! I think you have done good work, and I am well pleased with the fit and workmanship of the same. Yours under the Flag—Cader Sargent, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

Received my coat O. K. This is satisfactory in every way. Many thanks for all your trouble. Yours sincerely—N. H. Doherty, Captain, Stratford, Ont.

I am exceedingly pleased with my coat. It is lovely, and my Adjutant says she is more than pleased. I speak for the Trade, for I was not even fitted. What with my coat and my sweater and shirt, I look a credit to the Trade Department. Thank you all so much. Yours in the War—Lily Powell, Captain, Montreal, P.Q.

Trade Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

